

# The Evening World

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## NO PROXY PARENTS.

**T**HIRTY-SIX THOUSAND school children should be wearing spectacles or eyeglasses. The inspectors of the Board of Education report that many children are backward because of defective eyesight, and that one school child in every four is afflicted with bad hearing, adenoids, spinal trouble, digestive disease or some other impairment sufficiently serious to demand prompt medical attention.

Acting on this report, the Committee on Elementary Schools recommended that the Board of Education should hire thirty oculists and should provide at public expense whatever eyeglasses were prescribed. Of course if the Board of Education should look after the school children's eyes, it should remove adenoids from their upper throats. It should cleanse their nasal passages to prevent deafness. It should look after their teeth. It certainly should attend to any incipient cases of tuberculosis or spinal disease.

If this general care of the school children should be assumed by the Board of Education it would materially conflict with the duties of the Board of Health and the Children's Society, of the many hospitals and dispensaries, and most of all of the parents themselves. Virtually the Board of Education would become the parent of the hundreds of thousands of school children. It would combine both the care of their material and physical needs and the education of their minds.



In the meantime the primary duties of the Board of Education are being more and more neglected. It may be turning out children who know the difference between the liver and the pancreas and who are fitted to go to work in an artificial flower factory, but every business man knows that the graduates of the grammar schools to-day cannot write legibly, spell correctly and figure accurately. In the multiplicity of functions assumed by the Board of Education the teaching of the three R's is subordinated. The elements of any education are the three R's. However useful or edifying special lines of instruction may be their possessor is eternally handicapped if he did not learn the three R's first.

Another injurious result of the Board of Education not concentrating its energies and its appropriations upon its essential work is that it relieves parents from a very necessary sense of responsibility. If a man has a horse which is sick or crippled or unfit for work the city does not believe him of his duty to care for his own property, but punishes him for his neglect. A child is more precious than any horse. Its father should be held at least as responsible for the well being of his offspring as for his horse, or dog or cat. Yet this tendency of the Board of Education would exempt parents from the performance of their proper duties.



It is all very well for the Board of Education to inspect the school children physically, although that work would be better done by the Board of Health; but the result of that inspection should be first the information of ignorant parents, and second the compelling of all parents to do their duty by their children. If a father cannot afford to pay an oculist and an optician there are the free eye dispensaries to which he can take his child. If he cannot afford to look after a sick child there are hospitals for that purpose. The Board of Education should not be a proxy parent.

But in every case the father should first be held to the limit of his responsibility. This cannot be too rigidly done. In self-defense the community would be warranted in going much farther and in punishing every man who, knowing himself to be infected with inheritable disease or knowing himself to be for any reason mentally, morally or physically unfit to perpetuate his kind, should in the face of this knowledge bring into this world helpless children whose lives would be spent in suffering for his sins or weaknesses.

## Letters from the People.

**Complaints of "Gang" Violence.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What right has a gang of children of all ages up to sixteen years to lean up against the business windows of an avenue, climb the trees and break off the branches, put rubbish, sticks and lighted matches through a small hole in a plate glass show window, play ball in the street, throw missiles, keep up the most distracting noises, deface tenanted business on the block, and act in the most disorderly and defiant manner not only all day, but late into the night? All this happens on the block between One Hundred and Thirty-fourth and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth streets, Lenox avenue. R. LINDEAY.  
60 Lenox avenue.

**For Vegetarianism.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
They say that prizefighters are great meat-eaters. So are lions and tigers and other wild beasts. But is fighting (bullfight) especially a proof of meat-eating in man or beast? Are the fighting nations of the world great simply because they are fighters? I know not. E. H. JONES.

**In Love or Jolly?**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I wish to say a few words to the young man who signed himself Jack D., who says girls are always asking him to call on them and seem in love with him. In regard to the girls asking you to call, which answers you so much, I think perhaps if you told calling most of them

would be out. Now, you must also take into consideration that you are being jolled a great deal, and most likely afforded a great deal of pleasure to some of the girls when they found you were so easily jolled. If this is not the cause, I am sure you must be some kind of a wonderful being and also very well-to-do, as the girls get along better with you than the young men to-day than they ever did. Take this advice from a young girl of nineteen and don't be jolled.  
NEW YORK GIRL.

**Two Classes of Workers.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I've been a business man eighteen years. I find two classes in business—the clock-watchers and the over-workers. The former as a class are too lazy to get ahead. The latter are overworked and seldom get rewarded. They wear themselves out for nothing, and the clock-watchers grow too lazy to be of use. That may account for the pitifully few successes in business and the number of park-benchmen.  
EXPERIENCE.

**Public Service Cartoons.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Your cartoons of life upon the Public Service Corporation trolley line of New Jersey are very true in picturing the convenience (if) afforded the public, and we feel sure that good will result.  
E. D. WHITMAN.

## The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



## If Lovers Wrote to Roosevelt.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

**A**merican woman, according to a story in Saturday's paper, is on her way to Washington to ask President Roosevelt to discipline the American Minister to Sweden because the latter's wife refused to present her at the Swedish court. The incident may, viewed by itself, seem trivial enough. But suppose other American women should take it into their heads to carry their grievances to our efficient President, and, besides looking after the business of the nation, he should have to take care of the women's ambitions and love affairs of the ladies. I am afraid, in that event, Betty Vincent, complete oracle of the tender passion, would be left blooming alone, and lovelorn youths and maidens would pour out their distressed souls in letters to the President.

Dark-eyed Lena, on the east side, home from a long day in the sweatshop, and more tired than ever because she is "not speaking" with the once attentive Jacob at the next machine, might seek expert advice in a plaintive appeal to the White House, perhaps asking Mr. Roosevelt to discipline Jacob, perhaps suggesting that he let Jacob know that she is sorry for her part

in the quarrel and that she is not angry any more. The Mrs. Jarrs and Mrs. Ranges of disturbed domestic circles might make similar plaint of their recent husbands and the President's genius for settling things he really brought to untangle their matrimonial snarls. There is, in fact, no limit to the demands that might be made upon him if he should once turn his attention to the problems of women. Meantime, perhaps, affairs of state might follow Dr. Evans's famous definition of a brainstorm and become like "a rudderless ship that has lost its balance-wheel," but think of what an interesting lot of mail the President would receive! Reaching his desk in the morning, what relief he might experience to discover that the pile of letters on his desk were not applications for post-offices and consularships, but merely heart throbs from distressed maidens asking him to recover their lost lovers or timid requests from bashful young men for a few hints as to the correct way to propose.

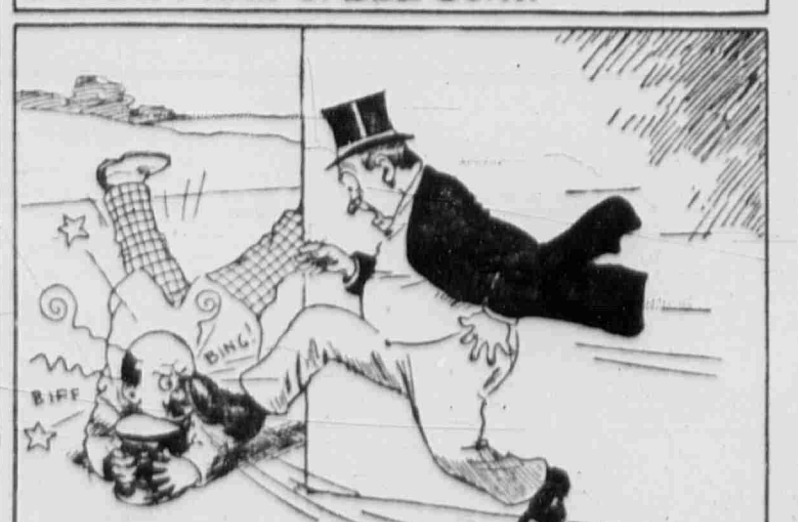
Telephone calls, long-distance messages and telegrams would bring him fresh inquiries at every hour of the day. If things turned out well after he had stewed a few words of Presidential advice, the President would have the thanks of the lovers; if ill, Mr. Loeb would always be there to take the blame. But in the interests of his leisure and his peace of mind, let us hope the example of the lady who is having trouble with the Swedish Minister will not be followed too extensively.

## The Cheerful Primer.

By C. W. Kahles.



## See the I-RAS-CI-BLE Gent.



## Did the Merry Gent KICK the HAT?

**AS GOOD FISH IN THE SEA.**  
Maud—No, I cannot marry you. Algy (savourily)—Oh, well, there are others just as good!  
Maud—Better. I promised one of them on Tuesday. Sunday's Weekly.



## Pipe the MER-RY Gent Kick the HAT.



## No, Dear Chil-dren, But We Heard a RU-MOR That He Al-most Kicked the BUCKET.

**THE REASON WHY.**  
Wife—I don't know what makes Mrs. Crankleigh so positive about everything. Husband—Probably her sex, my dear. Illustrated Little.

## SIXTY HEROES WHO MADE HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune.

**No. 34—GEORGE MONK: Hero or Traitor?**  
**B**ENEDICT ARNOLD tried to sell his country to its former masters. He is forever branded as a traitor. George Monk, a century or so earlier, did practically the same thing, only with more success. He was hailed as a national hero.

Monk was one of the least "human" characters of history and one of the best soldiers. In 1625, when only seventeen years old, he fell foul of the law by some escapade and was forced to flee from England. This was probably the luckiest thing that ever befell him, for it led him to Spain, where, enlisting as a soldier of fortune, he speedily won a name for courage and strategic skill. Thence, four years later, he drifted to the Netherlands, and in the ceaseless wars which rent that unhappy country increased his fame and experience. A clash with the Dutch civil authorities in 1638 sent him hurrying back to England, where his early misdeeds were forgotten and where he was made a colonel in Charles I.'s war against Scotland. He later did active work in putting down an Irish uprising. So by the time the King declared war on Parliament Monk was known as one of the foremost soldiers in the kingdom.

Monk fought valiantly on the Royalist side, but when captured and sent to prison in the Tower of London he had little hesitation in accepting his freedom on condition of receiving a high command in the Parliamentary forces. He cared little for whom he fought. At heart he was loyal and true to just one man. And that man was George Monk. He knew he was valuable as a military leader, and he showed rare judgment in picking the winning side. Charles I. had been beaten and beheaded by Parliament. Monk at once threw in his lot with the victors. With only 6,000 men he was sent to subdue Scotland in 1650 and to crush the hopes of Charles I.'s son of raising an army there to avenge his slain father. After a brief campaign Scotland was at Monk's mercy. He was made Governor of the beaten country, and ruled it with a rod of iron. Three years after the Scottish conquest he routed the Dutch, who had planned to invade England. Monk was now, next to Oliver Cromwell, the strongest man in the realm. But he was not content. He quietly bided his time for far greater self-advancement.

Cromwell was Protector of England, and would probably have declared himself King had not the people very plainly shown him that they were sick of royalty. Against this man of iron Monk knew he could accomplish nothing, so he remained on duty in Scotland, strengthening his own hold on the army and planning for the future. He had not long to wait. Cromwell died, leaving his weak son Richard to inherit the title of Lord Protector. Richard speedily demonstrated his unfitness for such a position, and in less than a year was deposed.

Then anarchy swept Great Britain. Cromwell's old soldiers, deprived of their master's awe-inspiring presence, sought to dictate national affairs. Parliament made some show of guiding the ship of state, but with poor results. The people at large wanted some firm and established form of government. They were tired of the stern, joyless, Puritanical rule of the past twelve years; especially weary of the present lawlessness. They forgot the oppression and injustice of their former monarchy and began to sigh for a king to rule over them. Some years earlier they had proclaimed Charles I. a devil in human form. In fact, the usual idea of Mephistopheles, or Satan, is derived from the portraits of Charles I.—the pointed beard, arched brows and royal red costume. But England had forgotten its former hatred. The eldest son of Charles I. was living in exile, but his agents were busy in England planning to restore him to his father's throne.

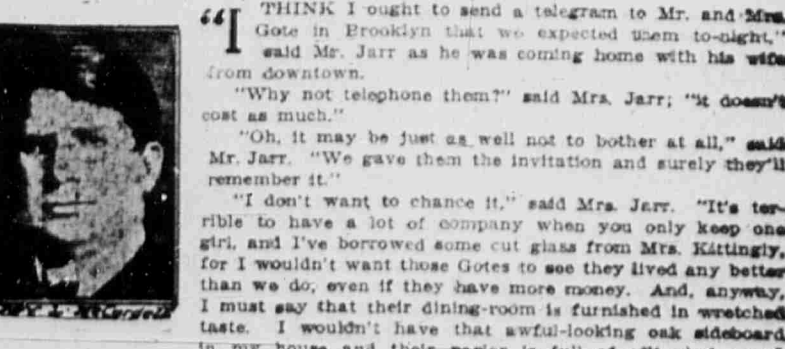
These agents approached Monk, offering him enormous bribes to throw his influence and the power of his army on the side of the young Prince. For a long time Monk hesitated. He was not quite certain the time for action was ripe. Perhaps, also, the price offered did not yet satisfy him. He knew the balance of power lay in his hands and that the side he declared for would probably win. Therefore he could afford to hold out for a good price. But meantime he took the precaution to wean out of his army all religious agitators who hated monarchy and all men who were known to sympathize with Parliament.

He concentrated his great army in Edinburgh and prepared to jump in the right direction at the right moment. While he did nothing to uphold Parliament's shaky power he also did nothing that could in case of Parliamentary success be used against him. Stronger grew the Prince's adherents, and Parliament waxed weaker. At last Monk felt the time for action had come. He marched his army southward to London (nominally at Parliament's order, having had himself appointed commander-in-chief of all the Parliamentary forces), and there promptly went over to the Royalist standard. Thanks to him, the Prince entered London unopposed and, after a bloodless revolution, was crowned Charles II.

For his services in the restoration Monk was made Duke of Albemarle and Commander-in-chief of the British Army and received an additional personal allowance of \$35,000 a year. It was his payment for "throwing" England to the Royalist party. He had earned it. The turncoat was applauded and became the hero of the kingdom. This short, fat, blond man, with a wrinkled, ugly face, shared popular honors with the handsome, disolute new King. It would be hard to decide which of the two was least worthy of them.

## THE JARR FAMILY.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"I THINK I ought to send a telegram to Mr. and Mrs. Gote in Brooklyn that we expected them to-night," said Mr. Jarr as he was coming home with his wife from downtown.

"Why not telephone them?" said Mrs. Jarr. "It doesn't cost as much."

"Oh, it may be just as well not to bother at all," said Mr. Jarr. "We gave them the invitation and surely they'll remember it."

"I don't want to chance it," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's terrible to have a lot of company when you only keep one girl, and I've borrowed some cut glass from Mrs. Kittingly, for I wouldn't want those Gotes to see they lived any better than we do, even if they have more money. And, anyway, I must say that their dining-room is furnished in wretched taste. I wouldn't have that awful-looking oak sideboard in my house and their parlor is full of gilt chairs and Rogers statuary, and goodness knows—"

"Chop, chop!" interrupted Mr. Jarr. "Don't you ever know when to stop when you get to roasting people? Ain't women the daddies, anyway?"

"If they were half the silly gossip men are you might talk!" rejoined Mrs. Jarr. "I've heard how you talk when you are together that this man is a dead one, and the other is a crook and so-and-so is down and out. Women are not half the trouble-makers and gossip and tale-bearers and little-tales men are. They come home and tell everything to their wives in confidence, and the women, of course, spread it broadcast, and there you are!"

"All right, let it go as you say," said Mr. Jarr, glad that his good lady had paused again for breath, "but if you will remember we were talking about sending the Gotes a telegram not to forget their engagement with us to-night when you wandered forty miles from the subject just because you love to hear yourself talk!"

"Me?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Just listen to the man! If you're not the biggest old gas-bag I ever heard of!"

"Never mind these mutual compliments," said Mr. Jarr. "Personally, I'm tired and I wish the Gotes wouldn't come."

"So do I," said Mrs. Jarr. "They are your friends; they bore me!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "Didn't I hear you bawling and begging them to make a date to come to see us? Didn't you tell Mrs. Gote you were so fond of her and you'd be real hurt if they didn't come over from Brooklyn to see us?"

"I hate the cat!" said Mrs. Jarr, venomously.

"Well, let's go home and hope they don't show up," said Mr. Jarr.

"After all the preparations I have made!" gasped Mrs. Jarr. "After the things I've ordered in, after what I paid for those stairwires and had the fern dish refilled and borrowed Mrs. Kittingly's old glass!"

"Oh, all right, I'll telephone them not to forget," said Mr. Jarr.

"No, telephone them," said Mrs. Jarr. "They have a telephone in their house, haven't they?"

"I'm not sure," said Mr. Jarr. "I think it's a private number if they have, and Central won't give it to you. I'll telephone them."

"You won't do anything of the kind," said Mrs. Jarr. "It won't take a minute to look in the telephone book, and anyway there must be a drug store near them that will send around a telephone message."

"What's the use going to all that trouble?" said Mr. Jarr. "There's a telephone office over there. We could have had a message to Brooklyn in the time we have been chewing the rag!"

"I tell you I don't believe in telegrams," said Mrs. Jarr decisively. "One time Aunt Janet sent me a telegram and I wasn't home and the house was shut up, and the boy didn't leave it under the door and I didn't get it till late at night."

"Somebody's home at their house," said Mr. Jarr.

"If Mrs. Gote gets it she may not open it," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Jarr in surprise.

"Because all women are afraid to open a telegram because it might be bad news. I know I let Aunt Janet's be unopened till you came home, and I was that nervous!"

"Mr. Gote is home; I'll chance it," said Mr. Jarr.

"You shan't send a telegram," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm going to telephone."

"You will not! I'm going to wire them!"

They did neither, but when they arrived home they were tickled to death to find that Mr. and Mrs. Gote, all smiles to-night, had arrived before them.